

Ivan's Dance Club

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Summary: Akiko Garet's having problems, and Wonderboy is a sucker, apparently...

***Chapter 1*: The Idea**

Chapter 1: The Idea

Hammet was having a relatively normal day. There had been a slight mutiny among the castle staff, but it had been quickly cleared up with very little bloodshed and only one smashed, inexpensive vase. His wife was currently buying out every store in Kalay. Luckily, all the stores belonged to him, so it didn't matter how much she bought. And his adoptive son, Ivan, was nowhere to be found...

Just as he thought that, Ivan swung down from the edge of a spiral staircase, hanging upside down by his knees. "Yo, Hammet! Wassup?!"

Hammet nearly had a heart attack.

"Ivan! Don't do that!" he scolded him.

"Hey, chill, man," Ivan dropped to the ground and landed on his feet. "I was just wonderin'..."

Hammet knew where this was going. He scowled at Ivan, who's violet eyes had become very wide and innocent looking. "What do you want?"

"Hey, who said I was askin' for something?" Ivan scowled at him, folding his arms. "Lord, man, you just accuse me without even hearing me out..."

"I'm sorry, Ivan," Hammet sighed.

"Oh, that's okay," Ivan waved it off. "You were right, I AM going to ask for somethin'. I was wondering if we could clean up that old rental building down town and make a dance club, y'know?"

"A dance club?" Hammet looked at him incredulously. "What for?"

"Ah, c'mon, me adoptive pops!" Ivan pouted. "They're all the rage! Think of all the business we could get out of the young and troubled teens of today going to our dance club to

relieve themselves of the problems and pressure from their peers by moving spasmodically on a dance floor for several hours at a time!"

Despite the fact that Ivan sounded like he was reciting something out of a brochure (the "Reasons That Will Convince Your Rich Adoptive Daddy to Buy a Dance Club" brochure, actually) ideas began to form inside Hammet's head. There were no other Dance Clubs in all of Angora, so if teenagers wanted to go to a Dance Club, they'd have to go to HIS Dance Club. If he combined the entry fee with the purchase of beverages, minus the DJ's pay check, it began to spell the word "money" for him. And perhaps later down the road the opportunity for other products would arise...

"Alright, Ivan, I'll think about it," he told his adoptive son, who looked slightly crest fallen. "What?! I SAID I'd think about it."

"Sure, whatever," Ivan turned from him and headed towards his room.

Hammet ran to his office and dispatched several messengers. Ivan's Dance Club dream would become a reality within a couple of days if he pulled the right strings. His adopted son's happiness meant the world to him, and if it meant he could earn a couple of dollars along the way, all the better.

He was still sitting at his desk, writing out messages, when one of his earlier messengers returned with a reply. It was from his good friend Bob, who ran advertisements in the Kalay Scroll and posted signs all over town for a couple of dollars. This time he was willing to do the advertisements for free, because he liked the idea and Hammet had done him a favor a couple of weeks ago. Bob wanted to know what the name would be.

This was a problem, Hama hadn't thought of a name. He racked his brain, but he had never been very creative. He was about to ask Ivan when he decided to surprise him.

"I'll name it Ivan's Dance Club," he declared.

Next

***Chapter 2*: The Grand Opening**

Chapter 2: The Grand Opening

Ivan always read the newspaper with his Cheerios, and that particular Thursday was no exception. He scanned over the front page, something about a dog saving a little girl and the eruption of Mount Aleph in Vale. He was turning the page when Hammet came in, paled, and snatched the paper from him.

"What are you doing?" Ivan asked him. "Give me back my dailing morning reading material."

"Here's the comics," Hammet pulled out that section and handed it to him.

Ivan ignored the black and white pictures being waved in front of his face, and held out one hand. "All of it. Now."

"Well, Ivan, first I need to explain something," Hammet put the paper down on the table.

"I'm listening," Ivan said, reaching for his glass of orange juice.

"Well, you know that Dance Club idea you gave to me last week?"

"Uh huh," Ivan nodded, and began to down some of his juice.

"The Grand Opening of Ivan's Dance Club is tonight," Hammet finished.

Ivan sprayed him with orange juice. "WHAT?!"

"I-I decided it was a good idea," Hammet used one of the napkins to wipe off his face. "And since you came up with the idea, I named it after you."

"Y'mean I have my own Dance Club?" Ivan stared at him in disbelief. "SWEET!"

That night was indeed the big night. Ivan sat on the stage, surveying the entire place. Ivan's Dance Club was furnished in black, white, and grey. The lighting was dim, and the atmosphere seemed a bit hazy. The pit opened into the street, and stairs led up to the bar. It was the perfect Dance Club.

The DJ walked in. He was a tall, auburn haired seventeen year old from Vale named Gareth.

"Hey, Ivan," he greeted him. "Pretty sweet little set up."

"Yeah, I like it," Ivan nodded. He looked across at the bar, where Gareth's best friend, Isaac, who had spiky dishwater blonde hair, was cleaning out some glasses. "Hey, you ready?!"

"Yeah, everything's ready," Isaac looked up and grinned.

"Release the wild animals."

Ivan bounded down the steps into the pit and opened the doors. The noise from without, which before had been a soft humming, was now an overwhelming roar. "Welcome to Ivan's Dance Club!" he yelled. There was a cheer, and Ivan stepped out of the way. Teenagers from all over Angora spilled into the pit, the music started, and the dancing began.

Next

***Chapter 3*: Gareth the DJ**

Chapter 3: Gareth the DJ

Garet was having a good time. He was playing music he enjoyed (and some that he didn't) and getting paid for it. That, and he got free drinks all night long, which were brought to him by their only waitress (there was also a restaurant above the pit), a girl who was actually from Lavilero named Sheba.

A faster song was playing at the moment, and the lights above him were swinging in wide arcs over the tangle of bodies in the pit below. He relaxed for a bit, his headphones around his neck, his microphone off, sipping some root beer Sheba had brought him, when SHE came.

She ignored the fact that she wasn't even supposed to be up here, and sidled up behind him, pressing her body into his. Gareth stiffened, trying not to spill his root beer.

"Hey, big guy," she encircled her arms around his neck from behind, muttering into his ear. "I know you're busy now, but when this place closes, how about we meet up?"

She released him and he turned around.

And nearly fell on the floor. Whoever she was, she was drop dead...sexy. Her thin, curving figure was hardly hidden by her black halter top and tight, leather flares. She had long blue hair that fell to her waist tied back in a high ponytail, with indigo eyes to match.

"Alright," he managed to NOT pass out, or make an idiot of himself. "Meet me out back, beautiful. I'll give you a ride home...after we get out of the back seat."

"Ooh, a charmer one minute, a bad boy the next," she gave him a cat like smile. "I'll see you out there, my bad boy."

And she was gone. Gareth turned back to his turn table and flipped the microphone on. "This next song is what you want

to hear."

The song came on, another fast paced adrenaline pumper, and Gareth sat down to think about how the rest of his night would go.

VERY nicely.

***Chapter 4*: The Place where Dreams Lie**

Chapter 4: The Place Where Dreams Lie

"That was great," Ivan congratulated all of the employees. Isaac was yawning, Gareth was looking significantly groggy, and Sheba was nodding off.

"Yeah, we were a big hit," Sheba said sleepily.

"And Gareth was a REALLY big hit," Isaac teased his friend.

"With that blue haired girl."

"Her name's Mia," Gareth muttered sleepily.

"Oh, you know her NAME?" Isaac's eyes widened with mock disbelief. "Oh, are you going to be a DADDY, Gareth?"

"We only made out," Gareth protested.

"SURE you did," Isaac said, sounding very unconvinced.

"Umm...guys?" Ivan said timidly. They all turned to him.

"Back on subject. We were talking about the Dance Club, in case you forgot, not on Gareth's sex life."

Gareth blushed and Isaac nearly fell out of his chair laughing.

"Alright, so we did pretty well for our first night," Ivan continued. "Two more nights, and then we'll be closed for the rest of the week. Think you can hold out that long?"

"I'm glad I quit my day job," Sheba muttered.

"Okay, I'll see you all tonight at the Club," Ivan shooed them away. "Now, go get some sleep."

They all nodded and filed out.

"Sure beats Vale, doesn't it?" Isaac asked.

"Yeah, first it's the town where nothing happens, now it's the town with an active volcano," Gareth yawned. "I'll take Kalay any day, even if this night job sucks."

"Yeah, Kalay has the spice of life without the impending doom," Isaac agreed.

"Well, anywhere's better than Lavilero," Sheba had followed them.

"Anything has to, the town's in a freakin' desert," Isaac pointed out.

They reached the door and went their separate ways. Sheba to her apartment, and Isaac and Gareth to the trailer they were sharing.

Once there, Isaac flopped down on the couch and immediately fell asleep. Gareth stayed up only a minute longer, but only to think of Mia.

"C'mon, big bro! Anything's better than Vale!"

"I'll agree with you on that, Jenna, but to move somewhere-"

"-Just for a Dance Club?" Jenna finished Felix's sentence for him, turning to look back at him. "C'mon, it'll be easier for both of us to get jobs in Kalay, it's not just the Dance Club, though...that IS an added bonus."

"I guess you're right," Felix sighed, looking around the town where all of his and his sister's dreams lay. There were a lot of buildings, big buildings, and everything seemed to demand attention. "This is the place where dreams lie...and dreamers die..."

***Chapter 5*: Sunglasses**

Okay, sorry, peeps! This took WAY longer than expected!
Isaac: ::holds up sign that says "Give her a break! The poor girl has-", changes signs, "about forty million fics to write on at the time, and-", changes signs, "she's in college, so she's trying as hard-", changes signs, "she can!":
Um...thanks, Isaac. Well, that says it all.
Isaac: ::holds up sign that says "she owns nothing!":
Thank you again.

Chapter 5: Sunglasses

Alex had come to Kalay in search of a new life. It wasn't very original, and he knew it. But life in the icy north, particularly Imil, was not only cold, but very, very dull. That, and he had been banished from the aforementioned town. But that wouldn't stop him. He was in Kalay to make a name for himself. He was walking down the cobble streets when the stand caught his eye. Now, it was a normal stand, just like any of the others lining the street, but its wares were something entirely new and incredible. Each was perched on the revolving stand, begging to be tried on. "Sunglasses," the man behind the counter said, noticing Alex's interest. "Hammet's new company, COOLOKINGUNK has just released these babies onto the market." Alex picked up a particularly sleek pair, silver in color. "Nice." "Try them on, you'll like them!" the man promised. Alex slipped the sunglasses on, and looked into the mirror that

was nailed next to the revolving stand.

He looked good.

Better than good, actually. Good was normal.

"You like?" the man asked, leaning forward eagerly.

"How much?" Alex admired his reflection from all angles.

"One hundred coins."

Alex shrugged, the price wasn't too steep. He gave the money to the man and walked down the street with his new sunglasses.

It was at that moment that he saw the sign.

"Ivan's Dance Club!" it read in big, bold letters. "Come and have one hell of a good time!"

"Sounds...intresting," Alex decided.

Later that night, Alex walked into the club.

He had his long blue hair tied back, and was dressed completely in black, including a trench coat. And, accompanying him, were his now ever present sun glasses. He ignored the looks he was getting from some of the girls and headed strait for the bar. A blonde kid, probably a year or two younger than him, with hair that defied all laws of physics, was pouring some drinks. He saw Alex, and waved one hand, still managing to keep the pitcher steady. "Hold on, I'll be with you in a minute."

Alex shrugged and sat back to wait. When the bar tender was done serving two giggling girls, he turned to him.

"What'll it be?"

"Just water, thanks," Alex nodded. The kid looked a bit unhappy with this, but quickly obliged. "So, what's your name?"

"Isaac," the kid handed him his water. He had even put ice in it. "And yours?"

"Alex," he replied, sipping his water. "You from Kalay?"

"Nah, Vale," Isaac shook his head.

"Ah, the town of erruptions."

Isaac looked a bit sheepish, but didn't make any comment.

"Yeah, me and my friend Garet decided to come to Kalay after Mt. Aleph blew it's top." He motioned to the DJ platform, where another kid with hair that defied all laws of physics, only this time it was auburn, was blasting out the ear drum busting music that had every teen in Angora in an uproar. He seemed a bit preoccupied with a blue haired girl that seemed perfectly content to hang all over him and never let go.

"So you guys are rooming together," Alex nodded. "Hey, who's this Ivan guy that owns this place? I need a job, and..."

"Oh, over there," Isaac pointed to a very young kid with blonde hair sitting on the DJ platform, ignoring Garet and his entertainment. "Ivan Hammet, it's actually his daddy who owns the place."

"Hey, nothing wrong with that," Alex shrugged. "Some people are lucky."

"Yeah, some."

Another two people sat next to him at the bar. One was a girl a year or two younger than him with long brown hair tied back in a ponytail. She was wearing a tight fitting red baby tee and a pair of black leather jeans. She fanned herself with her hand, flushed from dancing. Her partner was a surly looking boy with brown hair just as long.

"Wow! This is so much fun! Wouldn't you say, Felix?"

"Oh, yeah, sure," Felix grumbled. "It'd probably be funner if we both had dates."

It was then that a disappointed Alex realized that they were brother and sister. He grinned at the girl, who started blushing. "The name's Alex. And I'm sure your name is just as beautiful as you."

"Oh, it's Jenna," she mumbled, lowering her gaze.

Felix muttered something that sounded suspiciously like "that was SO lame..."

"And I was right," Alex ignored Felix. "Do you want to dance?"

"Sure!" Jenna bounced to her feet instantly, grabbed his hand, and pulled him out onto the dance floor.

Remember, review, or none of my fics will ever see the light of day! Mwahahahaha!!!

Isaac: O_o;;;

Okay, thanks for reading this utterly stupid fic. And join Ivan's Dance Club at the website! Ah, c'mon! It's FUN!

Alex: Come Join us at www.geocities.com/alexglaven!

***Chapter 6*: Trouble Boy**

Hey y'all! It's been a while with this one...sorry for all of you fans

of Ivan's Dance Club.br

Ivan: Of COURSE they like my club! It's the hottest place in all of

Angora!Br

What about Gondowan?Br

Ivan: Please, that whole Colosso thing is tired.Br

Right....well...I don't own Golden Sun. Just Ivan's Dance Club.Br

Ivan: And all fan art that goes with it on the site, right?br

Yeah...something like that.br

Br

Chapter 6: Trouble BoyBr

Br

"Jenna, I don't think you should see that boy again. He's trouble," Felix said wisely.Br

Br

"Oh, you're just jealous because you didn't get a date," Jenna

ruffled her borhter's hair.br

Br

Their apartment wasn't large by any standards, but it was clean,

and almost everything was in working order. The couches were a bit

faded, and the carpet looked like it had seen better days, but hey, it

didn't pay to be picky.Br

br

The phone attached to slightly yellowed wall started ringing it.

Jenna picked it up. "Hello? Yes, this is Jenna. Yes, we did. We did?

Really? Thank you so much! Tonight? Yes, of course we can!

Thank you!

Alright, good bye!"Br

Br

And she hung up the phone. Felix looked over at his sister suspiciously. "What was that all about?"br

Br

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," she smiled happily, and began pulling

ramon noodles out of the cupboard for their lunch. "I put in applications for both of us at Ivan's Dance Club. We got the jobs!"Br

Br

"What...jobs...exactly?"Br

Br

"Oh, I'm a waitress, and you're a bouncer!" she put a pot on the

stove. "Isn't this wonderful? I know Alex applied, I wonder if he got

the job, too? I hope so, they needed two bouncers. This'll give you

both a chance to become friends!"Br

Br

"Jenna, that guy is trouble," Felix was glad that the implications of being a bouncer hadn't sunken in yet, or he'd be freaking

out all over the apartment. "He danced with you last night, and he's

never going to give you a second glance! And why didn't you tell me that

you put in an application at the Club?"Br

br

"Because you would've said no, and I wanted to work there," Jenna

explained. "Oh, c'mon, Felix! It's going to be fun! You get to beat

people up and throw them out!"Br

Br

"Jenna, about this Alex thing," his eyes became very serious.

"I

don't want you to have your heart broken because it's set on some guy

that's only out to have a good time with a different girl every night!"Br

BR

"Okay, Felix..."Br

Br

She was cut off by the doorbell. She frowned, and answered it.Br

br

It was Alex.Br

Br

"Hey!" he grinned, hands behind his back. "I heard you were in

the same building as me, so I thought I'd visit you!" He uncovered the

roses he'd been hiding behind his back. "And I brouth beautiful flowers

for an equally beautiful girl."Br

Br

"Oh, Alex..." she breathed, taking them. "Thank you!"Br

Br

She threw his arms around his neck, then ran into the kitchen.

"They're BEAUTIFUL! I'll put them in a vase..."Br

br

Alex looked at Felix, who was scowling. "Hey, don't worry. I'm not a player or anything."Br

Br

"Yeah, you're just trouble."Br

Br

*****Br

Br

Ooh, and it gets more interesting!Br

Ivan: I have a question...br

Yes?Br

Ivan: Well, two, actually. The first one is, if they're in Angora and

it's practically the Dark Ages, why do they have stuff like turn tables

and telephones?Br

Because....it's fan fiction.Br

Ivan: And why are Jenna, Felix, and Alex becoming the main characters?Br

Uh...in honor of the release of Golden Sun 2?br

Ivan: In a couple of months?br

Uh...yeah! Well, R&R! It gives me the warm fuzzies when you do!

***Chapter 7*: We Da Bouncers**

Okay, to tell you the truth, this chapter isn't nearly as funny as the others have been..

Isaac: ::holds up a sign that says "really?"::

What happened to typing?

Isaac: ::holds up a sign that says "The sign is my trademark!"::

Whatever Isaac. Whatever. Well, it really doesn't need to be said, but

I own nothing but the ideas! Alright, enjoy.

Chapter 7: We Da Bouncers

"Yo yo yo!" Ivan greeted the employees of his dance club.

"Alright, my homies, this is where it all falls into place! We have more

than enough business, two bouncers, two waitresses, a bar tender, and a

DJ. What more could we ask for, right?"

"Well, Ivan, technically you SHOULD get a body guard," Sheba

pointed out. "I mean, just in case. You're really short, and the other

guys aren't exactly going to just let it slide that you're the son of the

richest guy in town."

"That's what the bouncers are for," Ivan reminded her.

"Well, actually, with Felix guarding the floor area and me on

door duty, we might not be able to help you out," Alex didn't really want to disagree with his new employer, but he needed to make his point.

"Hm...okay, so, we're workin' on it," Ivan shrugged. "Alright, last night of the workin' week and then you all get your paychecks and you can go home to sleep it all off."

"Good," Gareth moaned. "I'm exhausted."

"You're exhausted? All you have to do is play music. I have to deal with people and carry heavy things," Sheba glared at him.

Isaac smirked. "Ah, yes, but let's not forget Gareth's sex life."

"What? Gareth has a sex life?" Felix looked up.

"I do NOT have a sex life!" Gareth replied hotly.

"Yet,." Isaac reminded him.

Gareth nodded. "Yet."

"Man, you guys treat girls like they're possessions," Alex glared at the two of them. "Well, they're human beings, in case you haven't noticed."

"Ooh, I like this one," Sheba grinned. "He's a keeper, Jenna!"

Felix glared at her, Alex and Jenna blushed, and Gareth, Isaac, and Ivan were content to laugh their heads off.

"Well..." Alex coughed. "So, when do we start?"

Alex was bored.

He had been standing at the door all night, checking IDs and letting past the lucky teens over sixteen. Luckily the doors closed at eleven and then he could join Felix on the floor until the club closed at three. Until then...

"Hey! Break it up!"

Ooh, sounded like trouble. Alex turned around, to see Felix trying to pull two kids who were wrestling on the dance floor apart.

Garet cut the music, the blue haired girl that looked vaguely familiar still hanging off of him, and the various dancers all backed up to form a ring around the competitors.

"Alex!"

Boo yeah! His job ruled!

Alex bounded into the center of the ring and managed to pull one of the kids away from the other. The kid twisted in his grip and threw a wild punch to his face. Alex dodged it easily and kneed the kid in the stomach.

With an odd noise, the kid fell over. Felix hadn't fared so well, he had a growing bruise on one cheek, but had managed to pull the other kid into a sleeper. Alex dragged his charge over to the door, followed by Felix, and threw the kid out into the street.

"Well, that was interesting," Felix commented after doing to same, watching the two kids run off.

"Yup, we da bouncers!" Alex held up one hand. "Give me some skin, bro!"

Felix slapped his hand, and they both went back to their jobs.

Okay, next chapter I might put in a song or two (I've been listening to a

lot of Avril Lavigne lately, so yeah...^_^)

Isaac: ::holds up a sign that says "Avril rocks!"::

That she does, my friend. That she does.

Isaac: ::holds up a sign that says "Avid Avril Fan!"::

Right...-_-;;;

***Chapter 8*: U hhi**

Okay, my summaries are sounding weird. Anywho, this is for all of the

Ivan's Dance Club fans who keep on voting for it at the website.

Isaac: ::holds up a sign that says "stupid Ivan fans"::

Isaac! Be quiet!

Garet: Yeah, we don't want to offend the members of FBM. FBM?

Garet: Fans of a Blonde Midget.

Ivan: WHERE?!

Let's get on with the story...

Chapter 8: Uh...hi.

"Hi Alex!"

"C'mon, join us!"

Felix and Jenna were waving to him from their restaurant booth.

Alex shrugged and made his way over to them.

The food at Layana's wasn't half bad, and he even got it all for

free because of his current employer. He had to love the fact that he

was working for the man that ran almost the entire town.

Layana's was

decorated pretty much how Ivan's Dance Club was. Black and white tile,

red seats. Apparently Hammet made a deal with the people who decorated things like this. He sat next to Jenna, and sighed.

"Man, work takes it out of you," he groaned.

"You said it," Felix agreed. "Hey, there's Isaac and Gareth!"

"Hi guys!" the two former residents of Vale came over to join them.

"Wassup?"

They slid into the booth next to Felix.

"Wow, keep this up and we'll have the entire staff from Ivan's Dance Club," Isaac grinned.

"There's Mia!" Gareth waved to a girl who had just come in.

"M-m-m-mia?" Alex asked in a small, scared voice. "Like...as in Mia Owen? From Imil?"

"Yeah," Gareth answered. "Do you know her?"

"Alex Glaven," Mia had made it to their booth. She slapped her hands against the table top and glared at Alex. "What a coincidence meeting you here."

"Uh...H-h-hi, Mia," he cowered in the seat.

"Hi Mia'? That's all you can say?!" she shrieked, whipping off

her back pack and beating him with it. Alex yelled and held up his arms to protect himself. "That's all you can SAY?! YOU STOOD ME UP ON ONE TOO MANY DATES TO GET AWAY WITH IT!!!!!"

"AAAGH! Mia! Have MERCY!"

"NOOO!"

Alex decided to make a run for it, Mia coming up behind him swinging her back pack.

"I wonder if this happens often?" Isaac asked.

"D-dates?" Garet and Jenna said in unison.

"Well, they're obviously not together now," Jenna laughed nervously.

"Yeah, yeah, you're right!" Garet agreed, laughing along with her. "But...what if they're only seeing us to make the other jealous?"

"You're right," Jenna gasped. "But...they obviously didn't know that they were in the same town. And it sounds like Alex left Mia or something."

"Can you guys shut up? I'm starving," Isaac held up the menu.

Sheba walked up. "Hey, guys! Did I miss anything? Hey, where's Alex?"

Felix laughed so hard he spilled his water all over the table top.

Kind of on the short side, but be happy! Alright, I think I've updated everything I'm going to tonight, and I'm sick of typing. Good night.

***Chapter 9*: Fire in the hole!**

Hi again! And welcome to another chapter of IDC!

Garet: For all of you FBMs.

Isaac: ::in purple "I'm sorry if I insulted any FBMs"::

Sheba: FBM stands for Fans of a Blonde Midget(copyrighted by Garet's

Kitchen, no touchy without asking! ^_^) for those of you who actually don't know.

Yup! Well, on with the story!

Chapter 9: Fire in the hole!

Isaac and Garet were walking back to their trailer after an interesting dinner at Layana's when they noticed a large amount of people running around.

"Hey, what's going on?" Garet grabbed one of the people running by.

"There's a trailer about a block away that caught on fire!" the person yelled. Garet released him, and he ran about his way.

"Wait...he couldn't mean our trailer, could he?" Isaac asked nervously.

"Could be, but we're in a trailer park," Garet reassured him. "There are lots of trailers."

But upon turning the corner, they found their home in flames.

Nobody had bothered to call the police, whoever owned the trailer would have been on hard luck and couldn't afford an investigation anyways.

"Our...home..." Isaac could only stare.

"Gone...everything's gone..." Gareth muttered. "I'm glad we deposited our paychecks right after we got them."

"But that's not enough to pay rent!" Isaac groaned. "We'll have to sleep out in a park or something for the next week! And besides, we need clothes, and food, and...and...we're SO doomed..."

It was then that someone cast Froth Spiral, putting out the flames instantly. A man taller than Gareth with long blue hair wearing jeans and a sports jacket came jogging up to them.

"Hey, was that your guys' house?" he asked, motioning to the burned out, steaming shell of their trailer. They nodded dumbly. "Man, tough luck. I can't believe that no one called the fire department."

"Well, it's just a trailer, and they probably figured it made a good light show," Isaac said bitterly, motioning to the people who had pulled out lawn chairs and had been sitting, watching the fire. "I wonder how it started..."

"Some people around here said they saw a bunch of punks from the

Mars Clan up North hanging around," the man shrugged.
"I'm Picard, by
the way. I just moved here."

"I'm Isaac, and this is Gareth," Isaac introduced them.

"Have a place to stay?" Picard looked concerned.

"Nah, we're from Vale," Gareth explained. "Moved after that
eruption. We're working at Ivan's Dance Club, but we've only
gotten one
paycheck..."

"Ah, that is where I've been employed," Picard smiled. "Well,
I
have plenty of room at my place. Any fellow employee at
Ivan's Dance
Club in need is welcome."

As they were walking back to Picard's, Gareth muttered to
Isaac:

"Think this guy is playing us, or is he REALLY trusting."

"Probably a Lemurian," Isaac replied. "They're big on
charity."

"Yeah, probably."

Alright, R&R as always!

Isaac: ::in red "And a little message to the GSM person...if
you are

going to flame and insult do so in English!"::

Yeah, I don't mind if you flame or insult me, but please do so
in either

English or German. Thank you.

Gareth: We can not guarantee that if you insult Akiko that
Elena(Alex)

will just sit and take it quietly. She's on the war path, so I
would be
careful if I were you.
Yup. She's scary when she's angry. o_O;;;

***Chapter 10*: Always a Sucker for Baby Blue Eyes**

Hi again! Anywho, finally got around to putting in a character that

Bar_Ohki requested that I put in. Sorry that it took so long!

Isaac: ::in red "aren't y'all jealous of her?"::

Well, if they are, then they can submit their own characters.

I notice

that Picard still doesn't seem to have anyone...

Isaac: ::in green "good idea"::

I hope so. -_-;;; Anywho, you'll have to find my e-mail address yourself, since this is Akiko. Alright, on with the chapter!

Chapter 10: Always a Sucker for Baby Blue Eyes

It was the next weekend at Ivan's Dance Club. Ivan, with his newly hired body guard Picard, was standing in the corner of the Dance

Club, when SHE came up to him.

SHE had long blonde hair, which probably would have reached

nearly to the floor if half of it weren't in a high bun, the rest hanging

down in a ponytail, and big blue eyes. She smiled shyly, even though

only teenagers from sixteen and up were allowed inside, she looked closer

to his age. She was wearing a purple shirt and black pants.

"Hi," she held out one hand. "I'm Xei. You're Ivan, right?"

Wow, you actually own this place? That's really cool. I expected you to

be older, but it's really cool that someone as young as you could own

such a cool Dance Club, and-"

"Actually, my dad owns it," Ivan cut her off, shaking her hand.

"Oh...well, I didn't think that you could actually own this place," Xei quickly covered for her earlier statements. "I mean, you're

only fifteen right? I am too, I snuck in. Oh no, is your body guard

going to throw me out? I hope not, I mean, I really liked your Dance

Club and-"

"Hey," Ivan held up one hand. "Do you wanna dance?"

"SURE!" Xei became really excited. A little too excited, she grabbed Ivan and began dragging him all over the dance floor.

"I'd better get extra for this," Picard muttered, following them around.

"Mia...how exactly do you know Alex?" Gareth asked.

Mia flipped her long blue hair over her shoulder. "Well, we both

lived in Imil, and we used to go out. He stood me up a bunch of times,

so I dumped him, and then I got sick of living with my grandparents so I moved here. Why?"

"Just curious..."

Meanwhile, Jenna and Alex were having a similar discussion.

"How do you know Mia?"

"We used to go out, she dumped me, I got over my broken heart and

moved here," Alex explained in short. "Hey, you! Yeah, you!
Get out of
here! You're not old enough!"
And he was off, trying to force some poor fifteen-year-old out
of
the door.

She sipped her glass of water, and looked up shyly at the
bar
tender. He was adorable, with spikey blonde hair, and baby
blue eyes...

I'll date him if it's the last thing I do, she swore to
herself.

See? I'm not mean to Isaac all the time, Midnight C!
Isaac: ::pouting, and in blue "Just most of the time":
Yeah...well...get over it. And once again a request that
people review
in English, but German is okay. I can sort of understand
German, and I
have a dictionary besides! Well, you read it, you review it!
Isaac: ::starts to write in brown::
::grabs his marker:: Don't you dare.

Oh, and Triad, thanks for the compliment! I'm sorry about
the Garet/Mia,
but I really don't see Isaac/Mia, and your fics are full of it!
So, if
you write a Garet/Mia, I'll write an Isaac/Mia! Thank you for
pointing
that out, Krystal-chan, and special thanks to SamoraSomara
for her review
on TAKC. I'm not sure if you read this one, but thanks! That
review
made my day! 'Kay, I'm goin' now...

***Chapter 11*: Punks in Black Leather**

Yup, I'm ACTUALLY updating this story!

Isaac: ::in blue and gold "Isn't it AMAZING?!"

Yeah...it's been a long time. Anyways, enjoy!

Chapter 11: Punks in Black Leather

Isaac closed his register and stretched out. The night had been

horrible, every preppy teen of Kalay and beyond had been in the Dance

Club for half of the night. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning,

and all he wanted to do was sleep.

"Ready to go?" Gareth asked, handing him his jacket.

"Yes, very ready to go," he replied dully. He shrugged into his jacket and they walked towards the doors where Picard was waiting for

them, and they all stepped out into the night.

The cold air revived Isaac somewhat so he was no longer a partial

zombie. Gareth plodded along, looking dead on his feet, and Picard

bounced along humming a very cheerful tune. Isaac felt like strangling him.

"We're being followed," Gareth said quietly after a moment.

Picard stopped humming. "They must have seen us leave the Dance

Club."

"It's probably not a good idea to lead them back to the apartment," Isaac cautioned. He turned left, even though their apartment was strait ahead. He glanced over his shoulder, once, and saw a bunch of people, some of them with spiked hair, following at a distance. He turned right, then left, then went strait, and then went around in a block a few times.

The people were still following them.

"Okay, this is NOT a coincidence," Isaac muttered. "What should we do?"

Garet cracked his knuckles. "I say we take 'em."

"Garet, they could have knives or worse on them," Picard warned him. "We can't just take them on, we could get killed!"

"You're right there, pretty boy."

The obvious leader, a girl wearing a very revealing halter top, shorts, and a jacket, all in black leather with strangely reddish skin and hair stepped out in front of them, several other punks with strange colored skin and hair wearing black leather followed her from the dark alleyway. The people following them closed in.

"Great, they split up," Isaac grumbled.

Garet cracked his knuckles again.

"And another pretty boy," she smirked at Isaac.

Isaac glanced around. A couple members of the gang appeared to have no weapons, but more had knives, chains, or steel baseball bats in their hands.

This just couldn't turn out good.

"Hand us your money," a blue-skinned guy with the same glowing red eyes as his leader growled.

"All of it," another guy, this one with green skin, glared at them.

"We don't have any money," Picard held out his hands so that they could see he was defenseless.

"Well, that's just too bad for you, isn't it," a pink skinned woman with long blonde hair smirked.

"And it's too bad for you that we have Psynergy," Picard grinned, and cast Deluge.

A couple of the girls shrieked, and they all scattered.

"That was good, Picard!" Garet congratulated him.

"Let's go home," Isaac groaned.

Hope you all loved that!

Isaac: ::in bluish-silver "It's very possible, with reviews like

'UPDATE

THIS STORY! ME LIKES IT AND ME WANTS MORE!'"::

::nervous laughter:: Well, I'm updating now!

***Chapter 12*: Wonderboy**

Miracle of miracles, ne? I finally revived this story! Special thanks to everyone who gave me ideas! (Midnight, Triad, Vil, 'Lena, VI...yeah, I think that about covers it)

Oh, and for the people that don't know yet, PicardPiers. I mean, Picard= Piers...yeah...'bout that...

Well, on with the long awaited chapter!

Chapter 12: Wonderboy

Picard's apartment was nice. So nice, in fact, that Isaac and Garet were somewhat reluctant to leave it at night for work. But the rent didn't pay itself, and they had to eat somehow, so they grumbled quite a bit and headed off to work with a cheerful Picard.

Isaac decided it had to be one of the worst days in his career. The dance club was busier than it had been in a while, and typically the soda machine had broken. He was trying desperately to fix it around getting orders and performing his regular job. Several angry customers had already informed him that they were going to complain to his manager.

"Stupid...worthless...piece...of...junk..." Isaac began emphasizing each word by hitting the inside of the machine with his wrench.

"Um, excuse me."

"Yes, what can I d-ow!" Isaac had hit his head while trying to extract it from soda machine. He looked up to the counter,

seeing stars.

"Are you alright?" a young man was standing there. He had spikey brown hair, and blue glasses covered his eyes completely.

"Yes, thank you, I'm fine," Isaac put on a forced smile. "What can I do for you?"

"I think I know what your problem is, can I go back there?" the young man asked.

"Knock yourself out," Isaac muttered. The young man nodded and ducked beneath the counter. He came up on the other side, and stuck his head in the soda machine. "Ah! I thought so!"

A few minutes later the soda machine was up and running.

"Thanks, I'm Isaac, what's your name?" Isaac asked.

"Triad Orion."

Hammet chose that exact moment to come up to the counter. "Isaac, I've been getting quite a few complaints. Is there a problem?"

"Not anymore, Triad here fixed the soda machine," Isaac motioned to Triad, who nodded.

"Good work," Hammet congratulated him. "We need a handy man, what do you say to the job?"

Triad looked a bit stunned, then after a moment, managed to say something. "I think the term would be maintenance..."

"He'd like the job," Isaac nodded.

"Good, you can help Isaac behind the bar," Hammet nodded, and moved away.

"I think the term would be maintenance'?" Isaac turned to him.

"I don't want to be a handy man," Triad grumbled.

"You mean you don't want the job?"

"No! I just don't want to be called a handy man."

Isaac nodded. "Alright, Wonderboy, I think one of the nacho machines in the back needs a tune up."

Triad Orion not being the author, but the character created by the author. Why? Because he's just so darn cool. ^_^
Thanks for giving me permission, Triad!

***Chapter 13*: Girlfriend Problems**

Wheeee!

Chapter 13: Girlfriend Problems

While Isaac was getting help from Wonderboy, Gareth was having problems of his own.

"C'mon, Gareth, I want to go somewhere fun," Mia pouted.

"I'm kind of working here," Gareth pointed out.

"Well, after work, then!"

Gareth groaned, starting the next song. "Mia, I'm exhausted. I love you, but I just want to head back to the apartment and die on the floor or something. I'm really sorry, maybe we can do something-"

"You never do anything with me anymore!" Mia whined.

"Mia, I-"

"Gareth, here's your drink," Sheba handed him a Dr. Pepper.

Gareth took it. "Um...thanks...but I didn't-"

"Courtesy of Wonderboy," Sheba said as if it explained everything.

"Wh-"

"New employee," Sheba explained. "Isaac convinced him that on the new guy's first night he always buys everyone a soda."

"Oh, alright then, thanks Sheba," Gareth raised the bottle.
"Cheers."

She grinned and went back to take orders.

Mia watched it all through narrowed eyes. When Sheba was gone, she immediatly pulled Gareth into intogerration. "You like her, don't you."

"Mia, she's just a-"

"Friend?" Mia finished for him. "I can't believe it! You're cheating on me!"

"No, Mia, I-"

"I hate you!" she whailed, and ran off.

Gareth was left, utterly bewildered. "What did I..."

"Don't worry about it, Gareth," Jenna came up with nachos. "She's just...suffering from emotional stress that happens once a month..."

"Oh, that," Gareth had an older sister, he wasn't stupid. "Thanks for the nachos. Let me guess, Wonderboy?"

"Wonderboy," Jenna nodded. "Well, good luck with Mia!"

"Thanks..."

Review! ^_^